

OH WHY ART THOU ROAMING

ARIA A LA TYROLIENNE

Words by

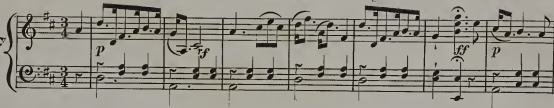
Miss Lucy Farcom

Music by

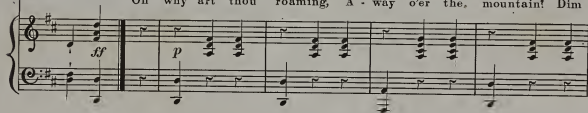
LOUIS STRACK

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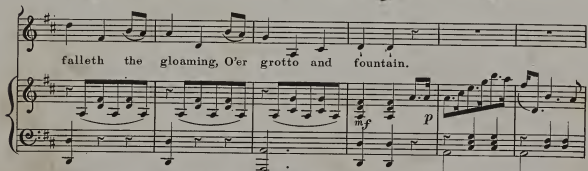
ALLEGRO
CON GRAZIA



Oh why art thou roaming, A - way o'er the, mountain! Dim /



falleth the gloaming, O'er grotto and fountain.



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2

Piu forte
On the wild vine leaves twining, The crys-tal dew's glisten; And

f *p*

bright stars are shining, While for thee love, I lis-ten. *Congrazia*

f *p* *pp* *Con pedall*

2 3

Neath the willow I've sought thee,
Where the waterfall gushes;
But my call hath not brought thee,
Unheeding it rushes.
While cool winds are playing,
On the gray rock I seat me;
Then turn from thy straying
Come hither to meet me.

Oh, if I were only
A beautiful swallow,
Thy mountain path lonely,
How lightly I'd follow!
Or were I a fairy,
I'd charm a ring round thee,
Till rover unwary,
I firmly had bound thee.

4

List! was that thy greeting
From distant cliffs ringing!
'Twas the shepherd boy cheating
My heart with his singing.
If an echo thou hearest,
With tender sighs laden,
Then answer me, dearest,
Thine own mountain maiden.

